Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away:
You *Capulet* shall go along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
To know our farther pleasure in this case:
To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

Exeunt.

Mounta. Who set this auncient quarell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?
Ben. Here were the seruants of your aduersarie
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the instant came
The fierie *Tybalt*, with his sword prepar'de,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He swoong about his head and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hist him in scorne:
While we were enterchaunging thrusts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.
Wife. O where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day?
Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.
Benuo. Madam, an houre before the worshipt Sun,
Peerde forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled minde driue me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the groue of Syramour,
That Westward rooteth from this Citie side:
So early walking did I see your sonne,
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And stole into the couert of the wood,
I measuring his affections by my owne,
Which then most sought, where most might not be found:
Being one too many by my wearie selfe,
Pursued my humor, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunned, who gladly fled from me.
Mounta. Many a morning hath he there bin seene,

With

With teares augmenting the fresh mornings deawe,
Adding to cloudes, more clowdes with his deepe sighes,
But all so soone, as the alcheering Sunne,
Should in the farthest East begin to draw,
The shadie curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light steales home my heauie sonne,
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himselfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, locks faire day-light out,
And makes himselfe an artificiall night:
Blacke and portendous must this humor proue,
Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remoue.
Ben. My Noble Vncle do you know the cause?
Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.
Ben. Haue you importunde him by any meanes?
Moun. Both by my selfe and many other friends,
But he is owne affections counseller,
Is to himselfe (I will not say how true)
But to himselfe so secret and so close,
So farre from sounding and discouerie,
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,
Ere he can spread his sweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beawtie to the same.
Could we but learne from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly giue cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Benu. See where he comes, so please you step aside,
Ile know his greeuance or be much denide.
Moun. I would thou wert so happie by thy stay,
To heare true shrift, come Madam lets away.

Exe

Benuol. Good morrow Cousin.
Romeo. Is the day so young?
Ben. But new strooke nine.
Romeo. Ay me, sad houres seeme long:
Was that my father that went hence so fast?
Ben. It was: what sadnesse lengthens *Romeos* houres?